

# LAW BREAKERS

NO. 2  
10¢  
LHC

ID

HOLD IT,  
LADY!

LET ME GO! THAT'S  
MY HUSBAND YOU'RE  
SHOOTIN' AT!

**HENPECKED MURDERER  
DEATH AT HIGH TIDE  
WAGES OF CRIME**  
And other Crime Thrillers



## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Superman", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The art style is characteristic of classic American comics, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight shadow effect, making it stand out prominently against the background of comic books.



# Your **CRIME** SCRAPBOOK!

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S TELEPHONE IS CHECKED AGAINST WIRE TAPPING EVERY SINGLE DAY...



KNOWN PICKPOCKETS ARE NEVER ALLOWED IN RAILROAD STATIONS... HOWEVER EXCEPTIONS ARE MADE IF THEY WALK WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED AND THEIR TICKET IS BETWEEN THEIR THUMBS...



MORE THAN HALF OF ALL PERSONS ARRESTED EACH YEAR IN THE U.S.A. ARE REPEATERS...



93% OF ALCATRAZ INMATES MAKE USE OF THE PRISON LIBRARY...



QUESTION...  
WHAT IS THE SCIENCE OF FINGER PRINTING CALLED?

ANSWER... DACTYLOSCOPY

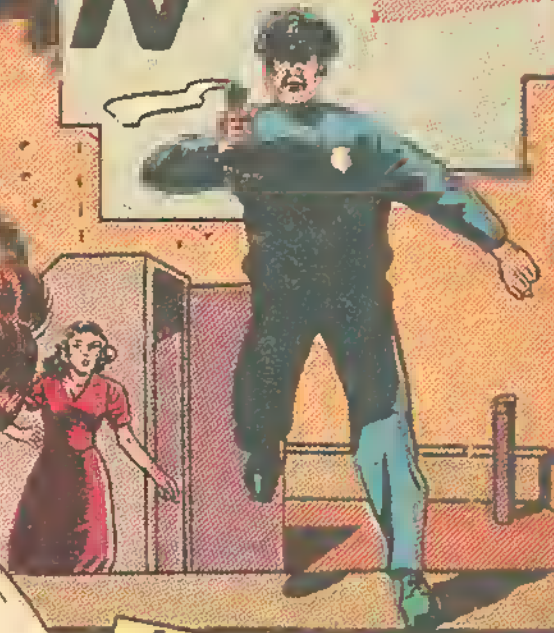


THE HUMAN HAIR CAN BE DIVIDED INTO 21870 CLASSIFICATIONS ACCORDING TO THICKNESS... COLOR... CURLINESS ETC...



# THE CASE of the

# HENPECKED GUNMAN



IF RICKY STEVENS HAD ONLY TOLD HIS WIFE THAT HIS REAL OCCUPATION WAS ROBBERY, HE MIGHT STILL BE PLYING HIS TRADE... BUT RICKY DIDN'T TELL HER... AND FINALLY AFTER WAITING UP FOR HIM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, SHE DECIDED TO FIND OUT FOR HERSELF WHAT HE DID WITH HIS TIME!

RICKY, LIKE MOST PROFESSIONAL CROOKS, HAD A REGULAR METHOD OF OPERATION...

YES? I'M FROM THE F.B.I., I HAVE ORDERS TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!



THE F.B.I.?? STEP IN PLEASE!

THIS MATTER IS QUITE CONFIDENTIAL... IS ANYONE ELSE AT HOME?



NO... I'M ALONE... THIS WAY PLEASE...

GOOD! THEN PUT UP YOUR HANDS... THIS IS A STICK-UP!





A FEW SECONDS LATER RICKY PRODUCED ROPE AND BOUND HIS VICTIM...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

I ALWAYS HAVE SO FAR!

WITH THE EYE OF AN EXPERT, RICKY WOULD SELECT ONLY THE MOST VALUABLE TREASURES...

NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ONE PARTING THOUGHT, BABY. THE ONLY PEOPLE I'VE SHOT HAVE BEEN THOSE DIMWITS WHO'VE TRIED TO GET LOOSE TOO FAST!

A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A SLUM SECTION OF THE CITY...

HOW DOES IT STACK UP, FATS? TH' DAME LIVED IN A SIXTEEN CYLINDER JOINT!

NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL, RICKY BOY!

AND AT LAST, WITH THE NIGHT WORK DONE... IT'S HOME TO THE LITTLE WIFE...

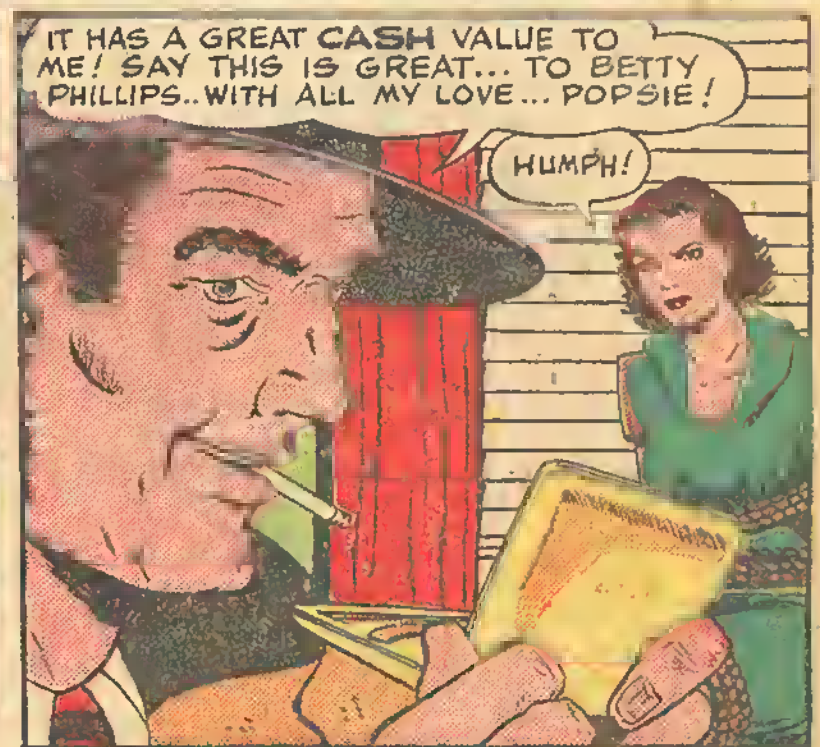
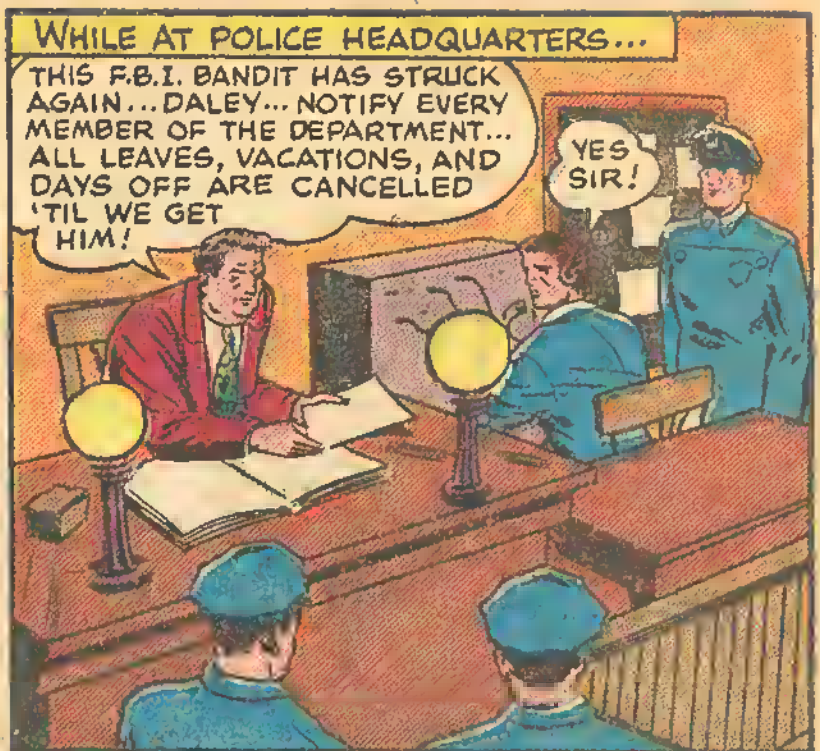
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T PAW ME EVERY TIME I ENTER THIS DUMP!

OH RICKY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN... DINNER HAS BEEN COOKED FOR AN HOUR... TELL ME... TELL ME!

YOU'RE NUTS CARRYING ON LIKE THAT... GROW UP!

I KNOW IT... I JUST KNOW IT... YOU'RE BEING UNFAITHFUL TO ME... THERE'S SOME OTHER WOMAN! YOU DON'T LOVE ME!









Y'KNOW... I THINK I'LL HAVE THE INSCRIPTION CHANGED AN' GIVE IT TO MY WIFE... SHE THINKS I'M UNFAITHFUL TO HER!



...AND SO HOME AND TO BED...  
HI BABY... FEEL BETTER, TONIGHT?  
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME... I SMELL PERFUME...



LATER...  
I'LL KILL ANY GIRL HE SEES... MAYBE HER ADDRESS IS IN HIS POCKET!



A GOLD CIGARETTE CASE... HE WAS GOING TO GIVE THIS TO A DAME... AND HE WON'T EVEN TAKE ME TO A MOVIE!



AND SO...  
WELL! HER NAME IS RIGHT HERE IN TH' BOOK, 28 PARK DRIVE...



ARE YOU, BETTY PHILLIPS?

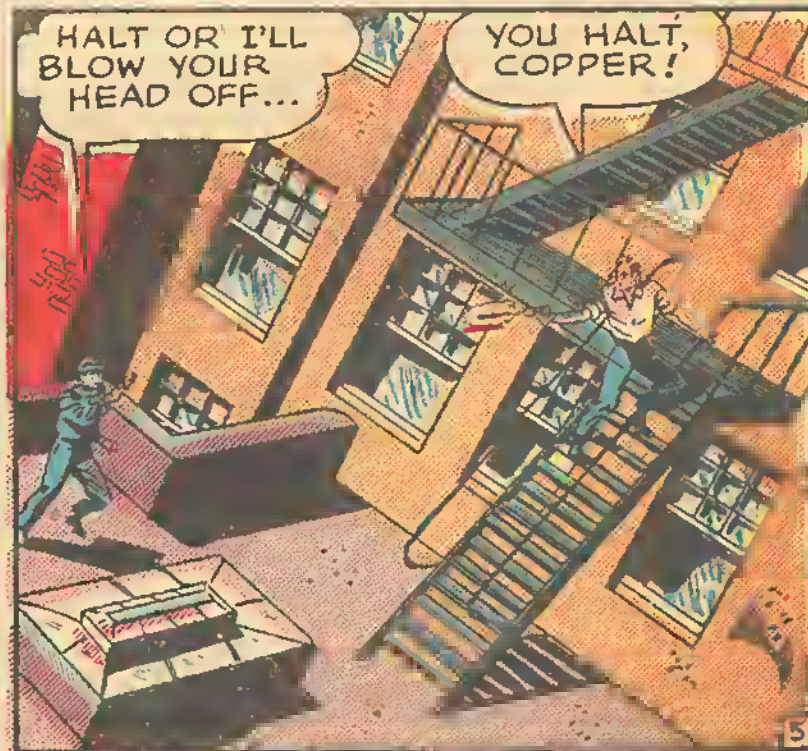
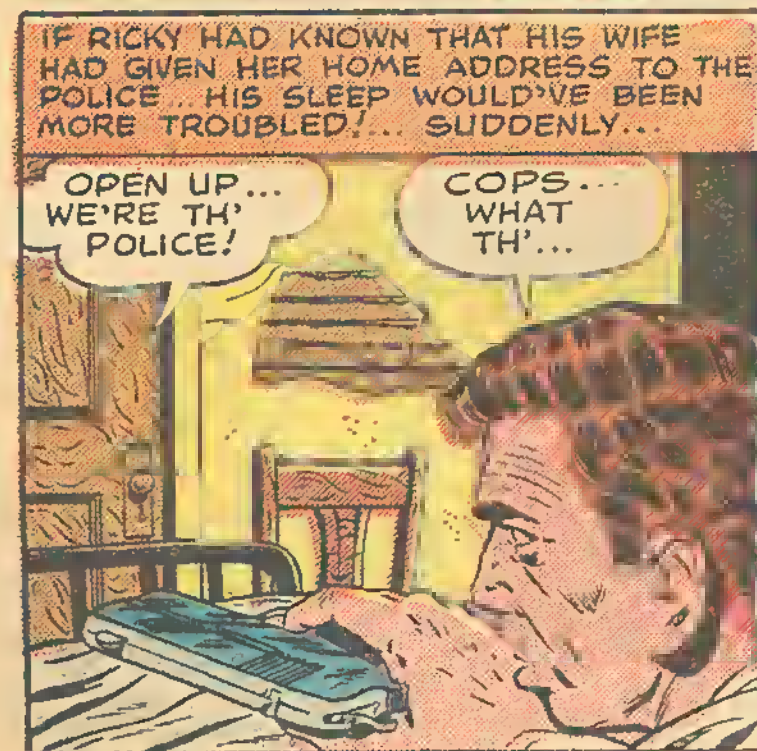
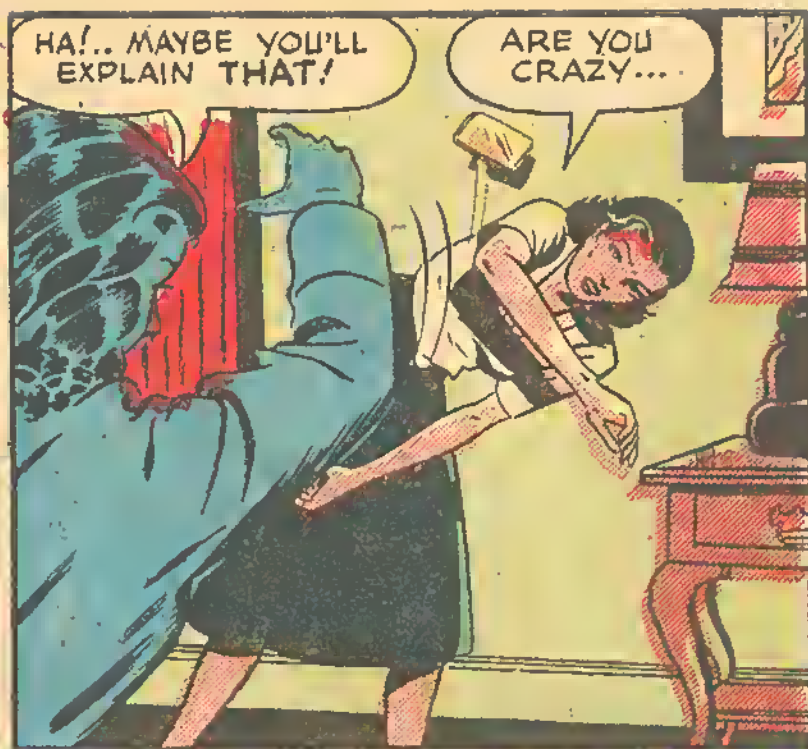
YES... BUT WHO ARE YOU?



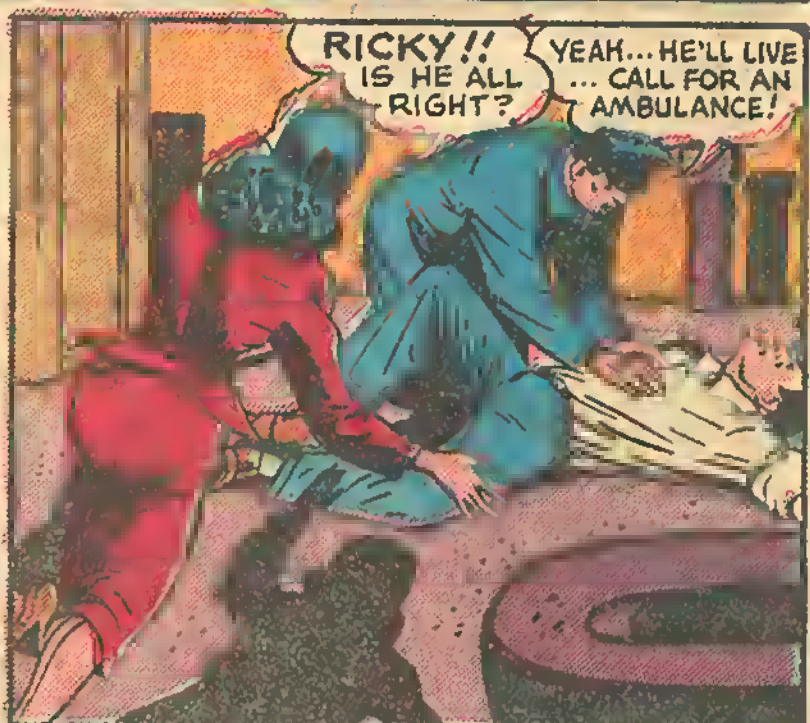
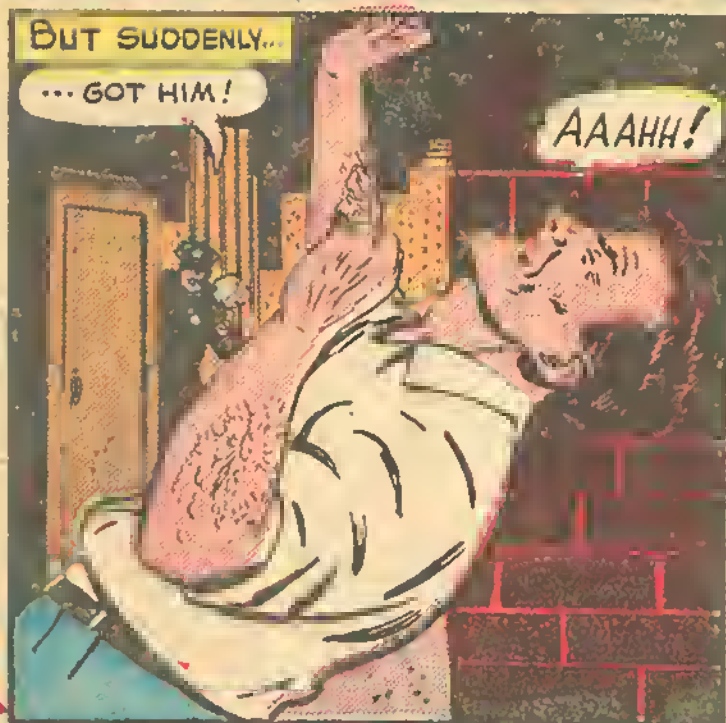
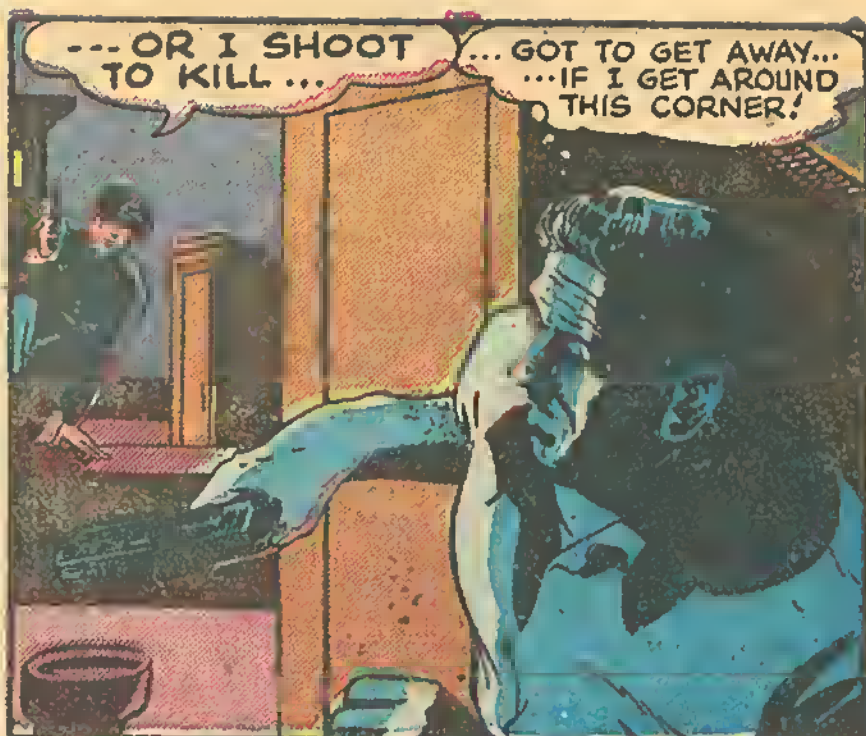
I'M RICKY'S WIFE... THAT'S WHO I AM... YOU WENCH!

WHAT'S TH' MEANING OF THIS?











# Death AT HIGH tide

## A ROD RAYMOND DETECTIVE THRILLER!

I HAVEN'T KILLED  
NOBODY / LEGGO  
OF ME!

HOLD IT, SALTY, OR I'LL  
REALLY LOWER THE  
BOOM ON YOU!

EASY, ROD, OR YOU'LL HAVE  
A KILLING ON YOUR HANDS!

"RAYMOND," THE CHIEF HAD  
SAID, "YOU'RE A GOOD COP BUT  
YOU'LL NEVER BE A GOOD  
DETECTIVE. FORGET IT! YOU'RE  
TOO OUTSPOKEN AND HOT-  
TEMPERED!"

ROD'S TEMPER  
FLARED. "I'LL SHOW YOU HOW  
GOOD I'LL BE," HE SNAPPED  
"HERE'S MY BADGE. YOU'RE  
LOOKING AT AN EX-COP... ROD  
RAYMOND, PRIVATE EYE!"

WITH A DESK, A TELEPHONE, AND A  
BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY, ROD RAYMOND  
WAS IN BUSINESS...

A MESSAGE FOR  
MR. ROD RAYMOND.

HEY, BOSS,  
WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW. MAYBE  
WE'VE GOT A  
CASE!

I HOPE SO ANYWAY. I GET TIRED OF  
DOING CROSSWORD PUZZLES ALL  
DAY.

THIS IS IT, BABY.  
TAKE A LOOK!

Dear Rod Raymond,  
I've just learned you're  
now a private detective. I  
need your help.  
Harrison Phillips who  
married my ex-wife, has  
threatened to kill me  
because he claims I'm  
still trying to win  
her back.  
I am living on  
my yacht. Please come  
and see me at once!

Desperately,  
J P Ross



AS THEY BOARD THE YACHT IT IS  
OMINOUSLY QUIET. THEN...

LOOK!  
SOMEONE IS  
HIDING THERE!

GET BACK QUICK! WE  
SPY YOU, BUSTER. NOW  
IT'S YOUR TURN TO  
FIND US. COME OUT  
OF THERE!



GET OUT OF THE WAY! I'M  
TAKING YOUR BOAT!



BUT ROD'S LONG TRAINING IN POLICE  
JIT&U IS NOT TO BE DENIED...

NEXT TIME YOU POINT A GUN  
AT ME, MISTER, YOU'D BETTER  
SHOOT!



I DIDN'T DO IT!  
LET ME OUT OF  
HERE. I'LL GIVE  
YOU ANYTHING  
YOU WANT!

YOU DIDN'T DO  
WHAT... AND WHY  
WERE YOU CARRYING  
THIS HEATER?



ROCCO IS  
DEAD. MURDERED  
WITH A KNIFE...  
AND I DIDN'T  
DO IT!

WELL, LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK, AND IF  
YOU TRY TO RUN  
AGAIN, I'LL HAND  
YOU YOUR HEAD!

OH!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT. WHO  
WAS ON THE BOAT?

JUST HE, THE CAPTAIN  
AND ME. THE CREW  
WAS ASHORE. I  
HEARD HIM  
SCREAM!



I'M HARRISON PHILLIPS. HE ASKED ME  
ABOARD TO GET SOME PAPERS. HE WAS  
VERY ILL... ONLY A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE.  
HE PLANNED TO LEAVE MY WIFE EVERY-  
THING. I WAS AFRAID OF HIM. THAT'S WHY  
I BROUGHT THE GUN. JEALOUSY.

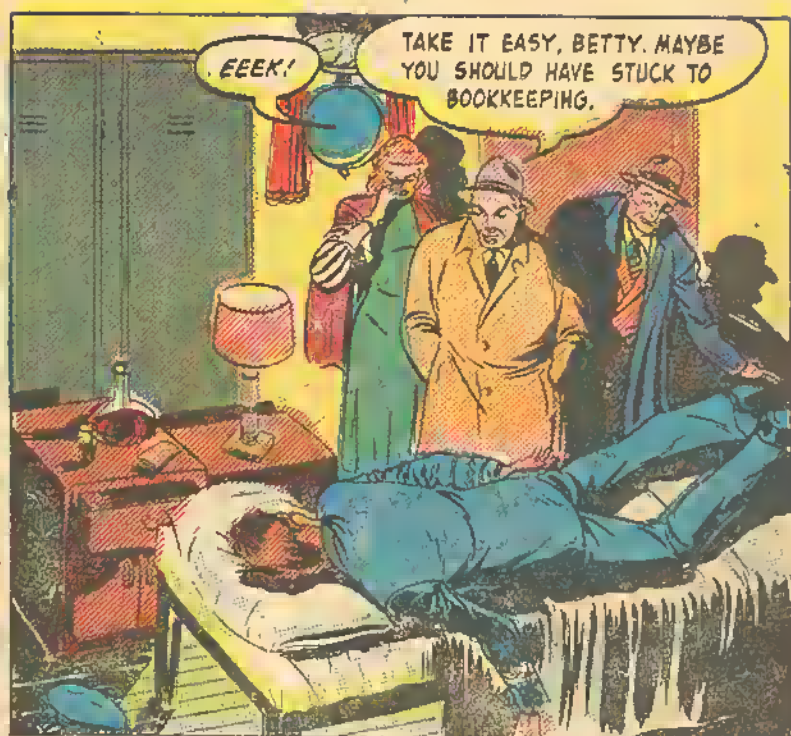
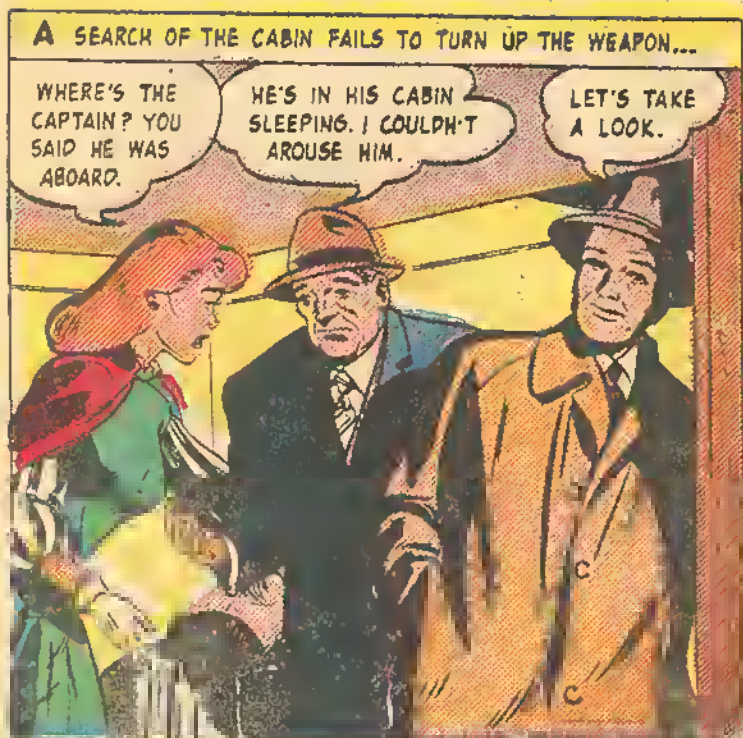


THAT'S NOT WHAT HE TOLD US IN  
HIS NOTE. BUT... WHY WOULD  
THERE BE BLOOD SPOTS  
HERE?

IT'S THE TRUTH BUT NO ONE WILL  
BELIEVE IT BECAUSE EVERYONE KNOWS  
HOW MUCH HE HATED ME FOR MARRYING  
HIS EX-WIFE!











NO, WE GOOT ALONG FINE. HE EVEN PROMISED TO WILL ME THIS BOAT!

LOTS OF PEOPLE WOULD COMMIT A MURDER TO OWN A TUB LIKE THIS!



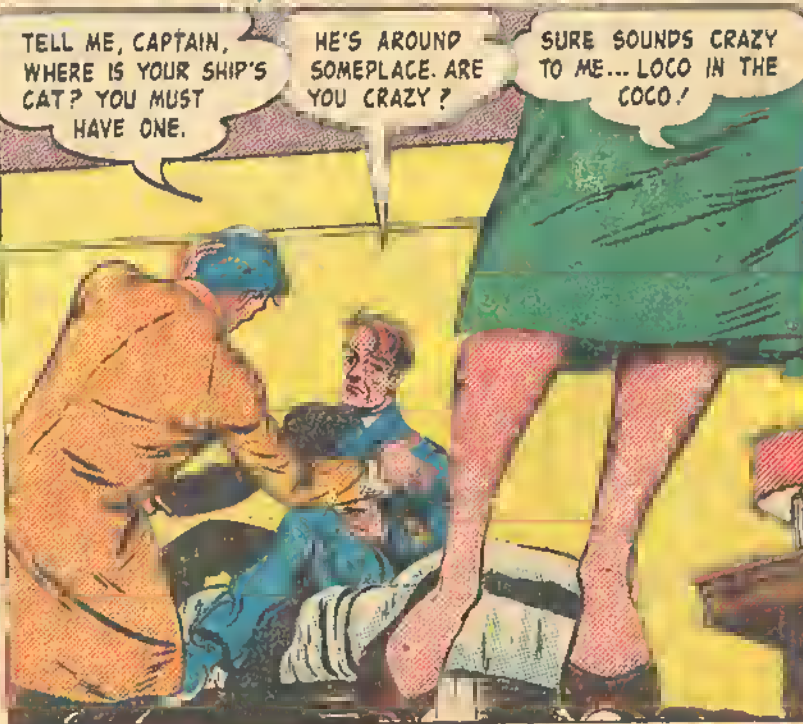
ARE YOU CALLING ME A KILLER?

PUT YOUR DUKES DOWN, BROTHER. YOU'RE MESSING WITH AN EXPERT!



EVERYBODY ON THIS BOAT WANTS TO FIGHT. NOW QUIET DOWN OR I'LL UNSCREW YOUR HEAD!

CUT IT, ROP. WE KNOW HOW TOUGH YOU ARE.



TELL ME, CAPTAIN, WHERE IS YOUR SHIP'S CAT? YOU MUST HAVE ONE.

HE'S AROUND SOMEPLACE. ARE YOU CRAZY?

SURE SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME... LOCO IN THE COCO!



BUT THE CAT IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

BETTY, TAKE THIS TO THE POLICE LABORATORY AND ASK THEM TO ANALYZE THE BLOODSTAINS FOR ME. THEN BRING THE POLICE CHIEF BACK. TELL HIM I MAY HAVE A SURPRISE FOR HIM.

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?



YEAH, I THINK I DO... AND YOU'RE ALL IN FOR A SURPRISE!



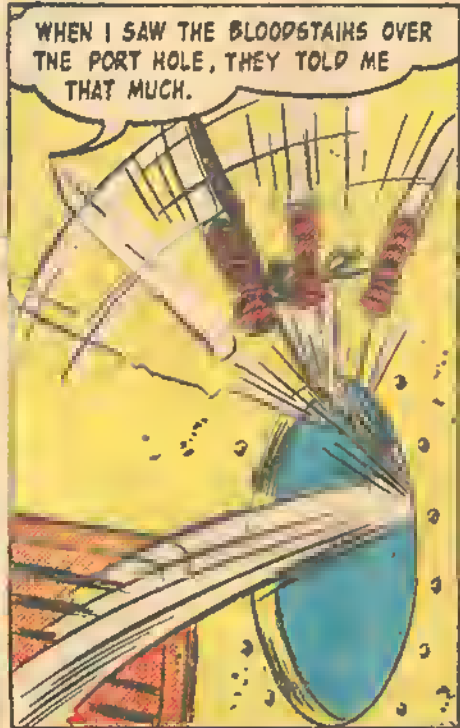
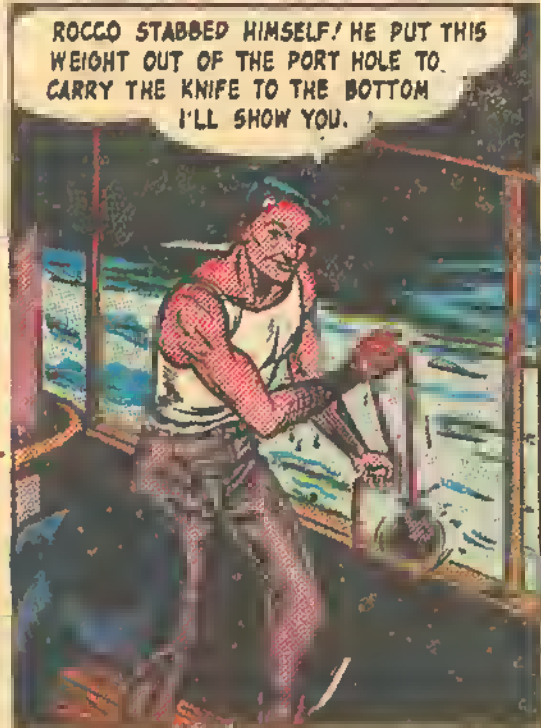
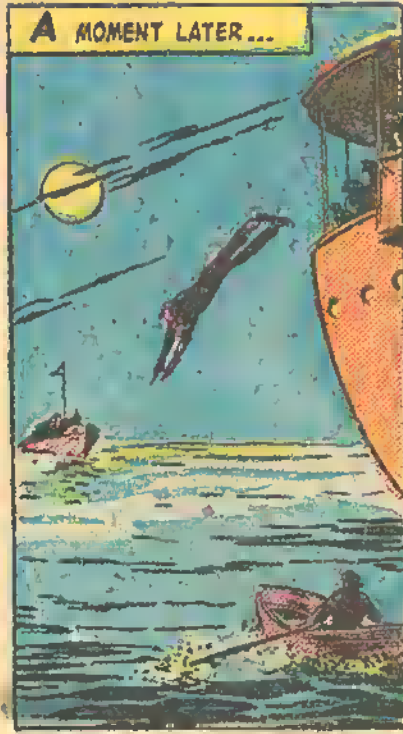
AN HOUR LATER... AS BETTY RETURNS...

I HAD THE STAINS ANALYZED. IT WAS...

... CAT'S BLOOD! I'M GOING FOR A SWIM!

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, RAYMOND?







# JOHNNY BELLOWS



IT'S JOHNNY'S NIGHT OFF DUTY AND HE'S OUT FOR A GOOD TIME---

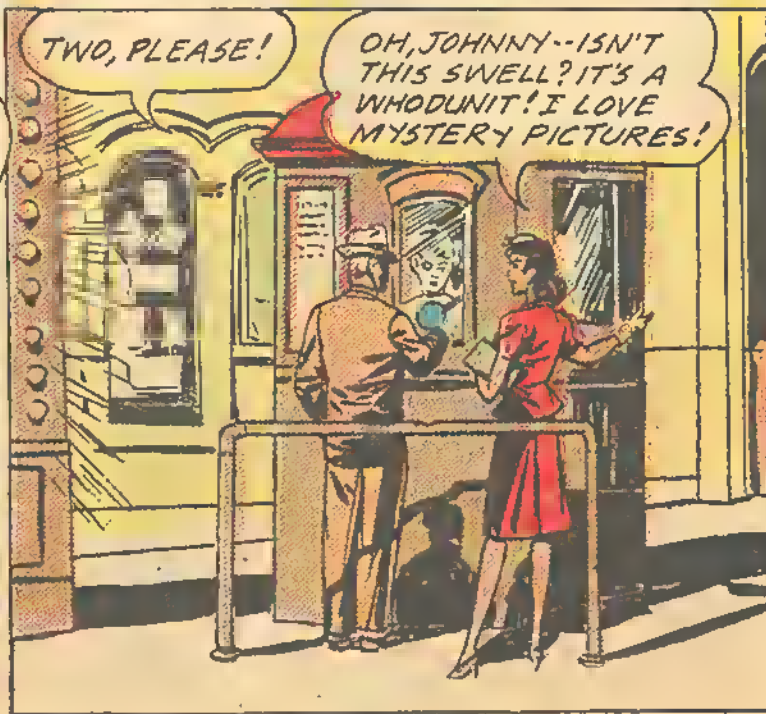
I KNOW IT ISN'T MUCH, PEG--JUST A MOVIE--AND SOME DANCING AFTERWARDS--BUT YOU KNOW ME--JOHNNY BELLOWS, THE GOOD TIME CHARLIE!

WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU, JOHNNY, ANYTHING IS FINE! IT SAYS HERE IN SMALL PRINT!

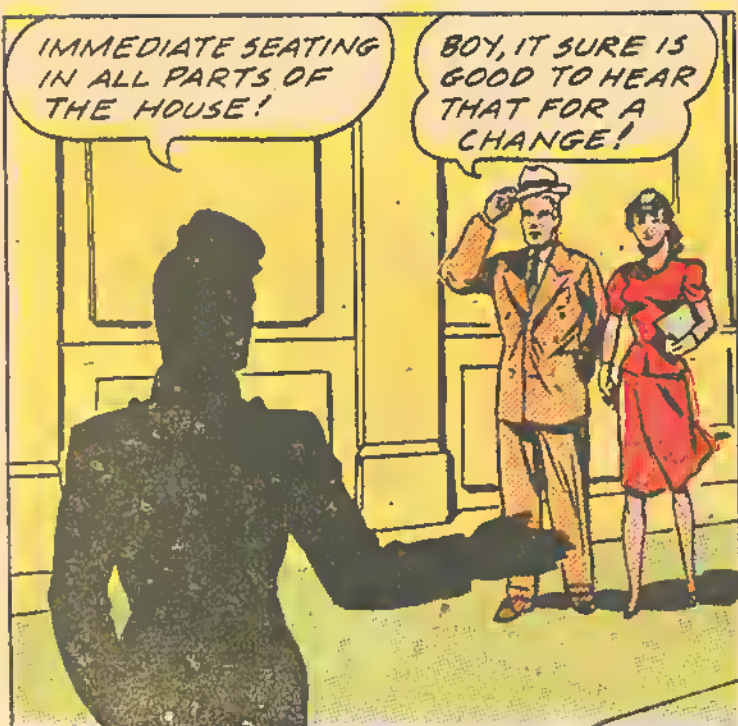


TWO, PLEASE!

OH, JOHNNY--ISN'T THIS SWELL? IT'S A WHODUNIT! I LOVE MYSTERY PICTURES!







IMMEDIATE SEATING  
IN ALL PARTS OF  
THE HOUSE!

BOY, IT SURE IS  
GOOD TO HEAR  
THAT FOR A  
CHANGE!



SUDDENLY THE SHARP CRACK OF A REVOLVER  
RINGS OUT!

BUT IT ISN'T  
SO GOOD TO  
HEAR THAT--  
IT'S A SHOT!

JOHNNY, I HAVE  
THE FUNNY  
FEELING THAT  
OUR DATE IS  
GOING TO BE  
POSTPONED!

BANG



STAY BACK,  
PEG!

TRY AND  
MAKE ME!



COME ON!  
I HAVE  
THE JACK!

OKAY!



IT'S A  
COP!

STAND WHERE  
YOU ARE!



OH--OH--THAT REMINDS  
ME! JOHNNY DOESN'T  
HAVE HIS PISTOL  
WITH HIM! I'LL  
JUST TAKE THIS  
ONE!





KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, MAC! YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T PLUG YA!

WATCH THE DAME!



SHE AIN'T MAKING ANY TROUBLE FOR A WHILE! LET'S GO!

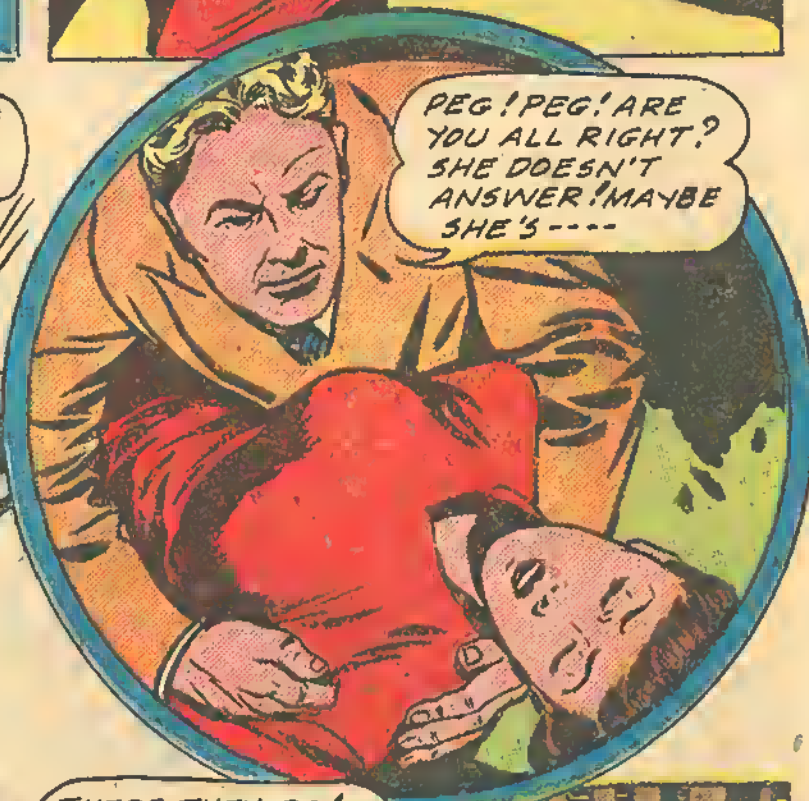
YOU RATS!



WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THIS PISTOL!

YOU AIN'T GETTING ANYTHING---DARN! THE GUN JAMMED!

CLICK



PEG! PEG! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SHE DOESN'T ANSWER! MAYBE SHE'S----



I'LL GET THOSE THUGS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

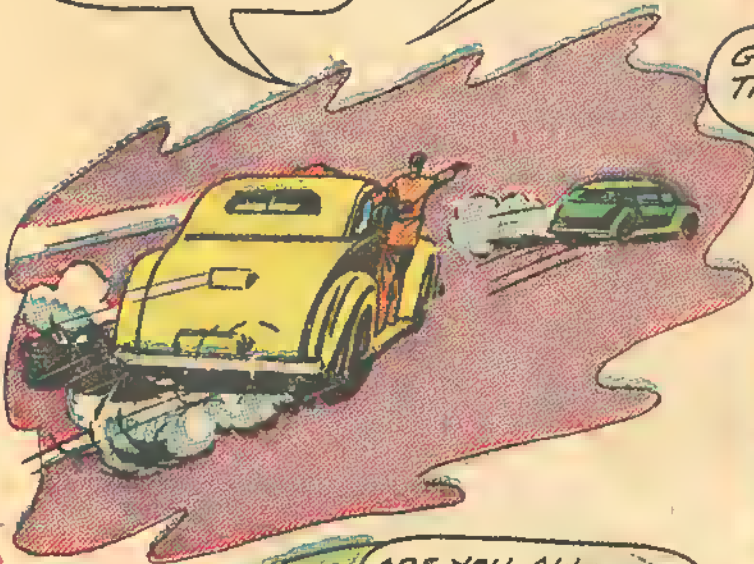


THERE THEY GO! CAN'T RISK A SHOT WITH ALL THOSE PEOPLE AROUND!



QUICK! FOLLOW THAT CAR! I'M A DETECTIVE!

OKAY, BUDDY!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE THEATER----

STAND BACK-- GIVE HER AIR!

GEE, MAYBE THEY KILLED HER!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS? WHAT HAPPENED?

BROTHER--WHAT A WALLOP THAT GUY PACKED!



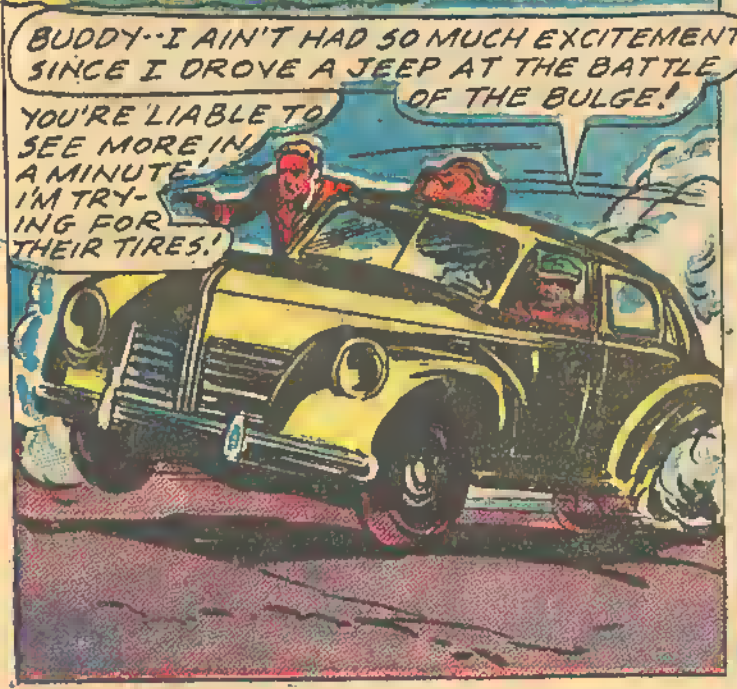
SO YOU WERE WITH JOHNNY BELLOWS, HUH? I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE GUYS IF JOHNNY IS AFTER THEM!



JOHNNY IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE CRIMINALS----

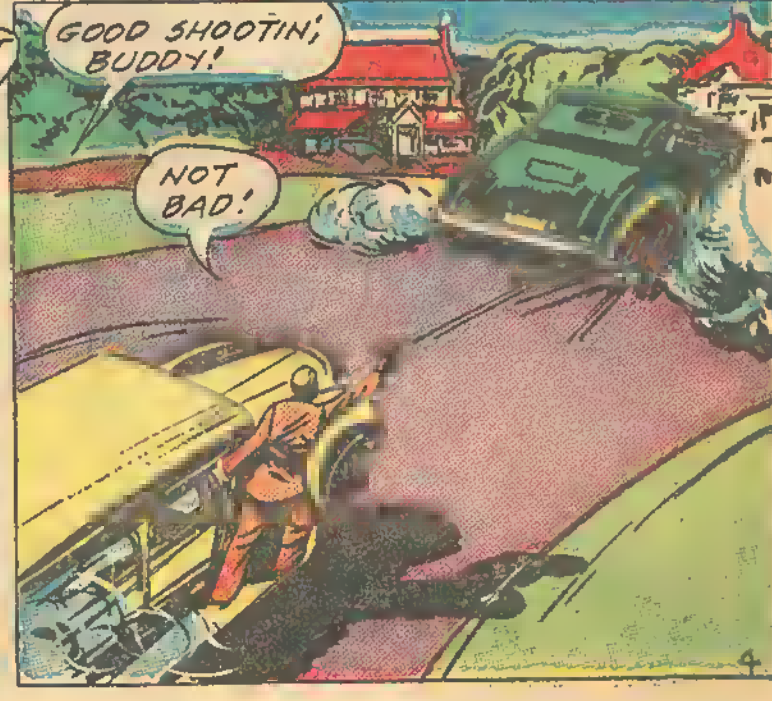
BUDDY--I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT SINCE I DROVE A JEEP AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE!

YOU'RE LIABLE TO SEE MORE IN A MINUTE! I'M TRYING FOR THEIR TIRES!



GOOD SHOOTIN', BUDDY!

NOT BAD!

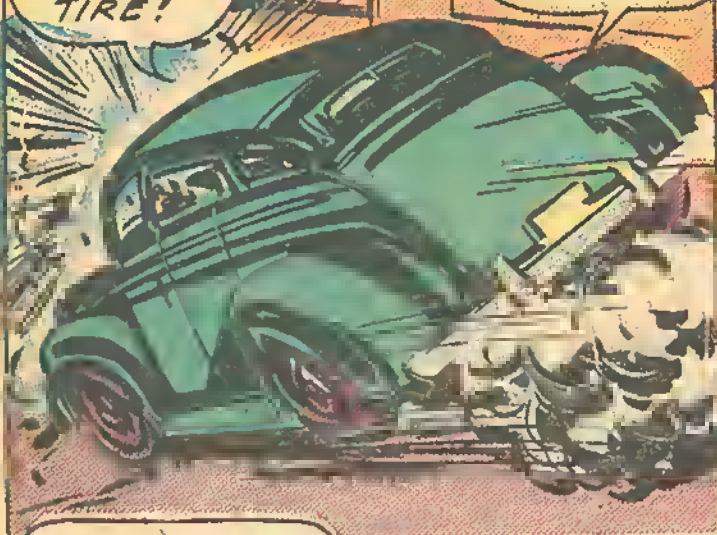




JOHNNY'S BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN  
THE BANDIT'S TIRE AND----

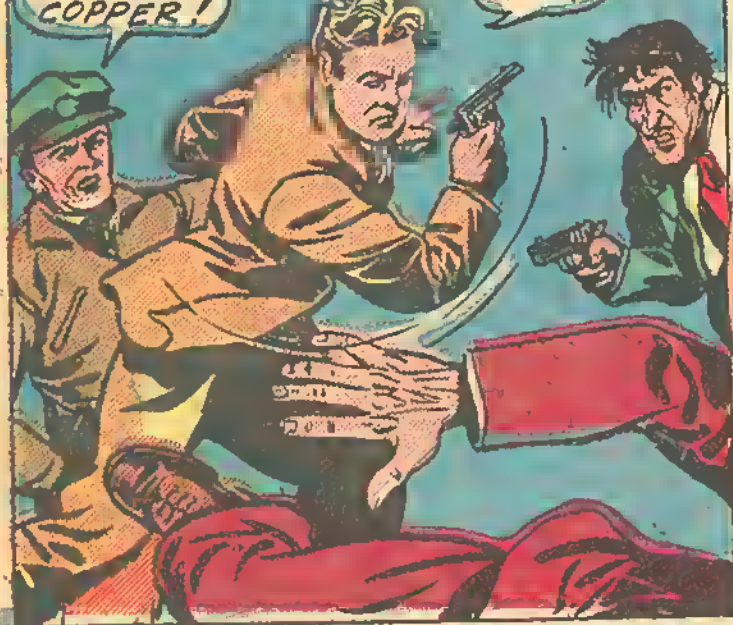
HEY! DEY  
GOT DA  
TIRE!

HANG ON!  
WE'RE GOIN'  
TA CRASH!



WATCH OUT FOR  
THE GUY WITH  
THE GAT,  
COPPER!

I SEE  
HIM!



HOW DO YOU LIKE  
MY CAROM  
SHOT?



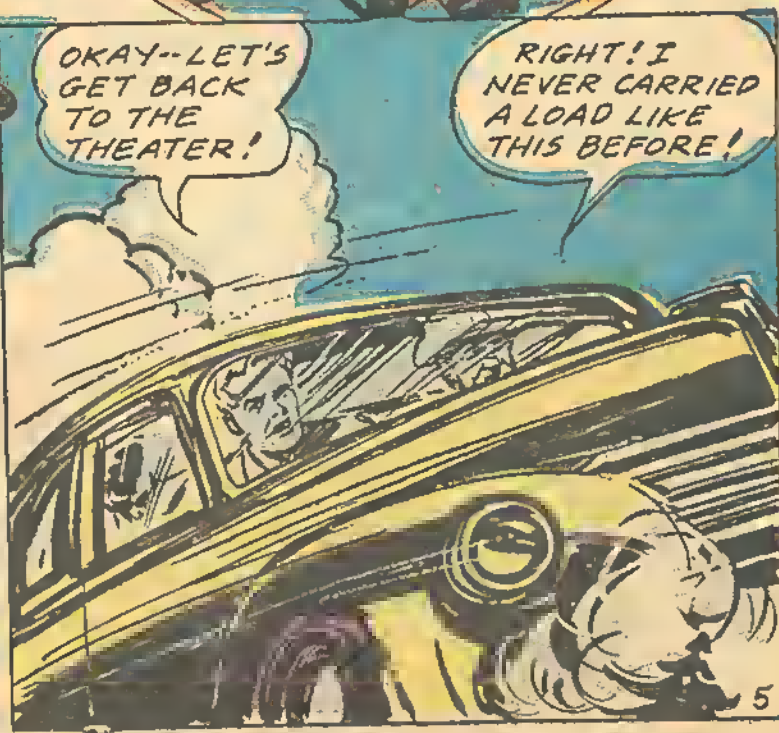
WON'T YOU BE  
A PRETTY  
SIGHT NOW!

OOF!

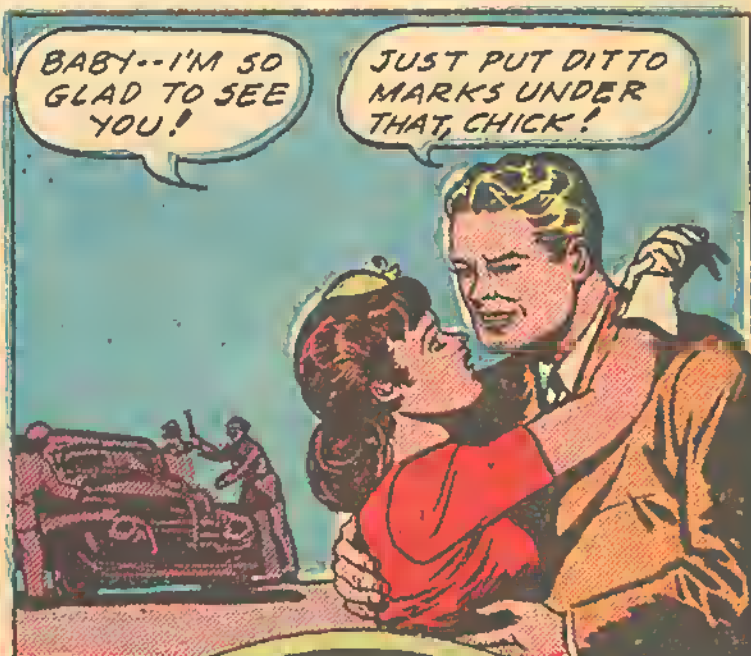
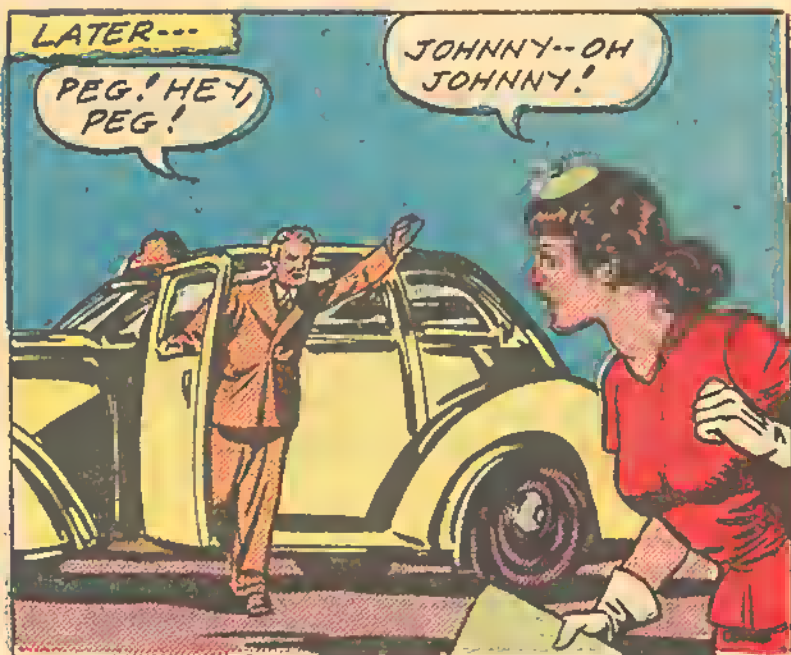


OKAY--LET'S  
GET BACK  
TO THE  
THEATER!

RIGHT! I  
NEVER CARRIED  
A LOAD LIKE  
THIS BEFORE!









# KILLER'S

# REVENGE

Late afternoon sunlight slanted down upon the hills overlooking the one-time mining town, nestled in the valley below. Bud Lake peered out of the mesquite, searching the browned slopes with keen grey eyes. The bullet had come too close for comfort or safety. And the still afternoon air had carried the note of a not too distant rifle. Someone had shot to kill and Bud would have been on the receiving end.

Working his way back to where he'd left his horse, Bud mounted, rode into the hills and circled to approach the ghost town from the far side. Here, in a ravine, he hobbled the horse, and armed with his .30-30, started down the hills toward the sprawling town. Chances were good the would-be-killer had come here to hide after his recent crime. A crime Bud Lake was suspected of having committed. Just because Bud and Pete Reynolds had quarreled over division of the gold, and just because the Sheriff knew about it and that Bud had gone away for a while, general opinion was that Bud Lake had returned, killed his partner, and stolen the gold.

Only it hadn't worked that way. Bud Lake alone knew he was innocent. And the scrawled note he had found, left by Pete Reynolds, had given him his only clue. The note had said, "Fatty . . . did it . . . stranger . . ."

After making cautious queries, Bud Lake had learned that a fat stranger had been in town a couple of days, and then disappeared during the excitement following the murder. So Bud had taken up the trail which would avenge his one-time partner and clear himself as well. The trail had led back into no-man's-land, had led to the old mining town, long a ghost of the past and now crumbling to ruin. Bud hadn't been positive but now, with the angry hum of the bullet still singing in his ears, he knew he was close to his destination.

Slipping into town from the north, Bud Lake moved cautiously through the late sunlight. The whisper of the wind about the ruins of the old town was the only sound in his ears. Yet he knew here he would find the killer of Pete

Reynolds. And unless Bud Lake was very careful himself . . .

The livery stable was battered and falling. Sunlight slanted through a gaping hole in the roof, bearing down like a blade of gold into the dust that rose in a stifling cloud. Cautiously Bud pressed his search. The .30-30 was ready, his nerves were at action pitch. He must be careful, ready . . .

The stable was empty. His trail led into an adjoining building, again half ruined and choked with dust. Time wore on as Bud pressed his relentless search. He could hear nothing, see nothing. To all appearances he was alone in a world long dead. Uneasiness became a part of the eagerness within him to get this job over with—

The clipped, angry report of the rifle split the silence, and Bud Lake dropped flat, rolled over. It had come from the street beyond the building. There was only one window—

Bud plunged into an alley, raced forward to peer out. The street was empty, the silence again in complete command.

Uneasily he realized that he was being trailed. He was being hunted instead of doing the hunting!

He moved on, nerves keyed to snapping tension as time wore past, relentlessly digging upon his mind, tearing at him, binding him. The cold fact that the man he was after had managed somehow to sneak up behind him, kept his eyes and ears ever alert. He must not allow it to happen again.

Evening was thickening when he entered the two story hotel. The wind was quickening, bringing the sound of broken shutters and the whisper of loose boards. Carefully Bud climbed to the second floor, expecting at any moment to have the stairs beneath him cave in. He gained the second floor, advanced along a dusty hall, stepped into a room. He lit the lantern he had brought, placed it upon a rotten table in the middle of the room. He turned and slid out again, moving on to the shadow of a room down the hall and upon the opposite side. If his trap worked . . .



Time wore on. Sweat tickled the small of his back, his hands were damp. Bud Lake shifted his slim body, realizing that the tension was getting him. This couldn't go on forever.

At last he had to admit the killer had out-guessed him again, had refused to be lured by the sight of the lamplight in the room. Reluctantly Bud Lake moved through the treacherous dark down the stairs. He paused there, listening.

Somewhere a board splintered. No accident, either. Bud whirled, rifle ready in rock-steady hands. He moved forward, slid into a darkened room.

The place was empty. The window opened into an alleyway. Bud Lake turned in the opposite direction. He wasn't going to be a fool, stick his head out the window and have it blown to bits.

He slid out into the cool night air, grateful for the wind against his sweated face. He waited, feeling the unaccustomed pound of his heart. This thing was getting him, slowly and surely. He'd been in tight places before, had fought his way out of many. But it had been different.

Once more Bud Lake moved on. Night was thickening about him. Hunger twisted inside him. He could clear out, get some food and rest, but the killer could do likewise. He might move out altogether. As long as Bud remained here—

The alley led down beside the saloon and Bud paused halfway along its length. His grey eyes explored the boarded over window, listened to the sound of creaking hinges as the barrier swung gently in the night wind. Bud circled, entered from the rear, and made his way into the room. Assured of his safety, he advanced to the window.

The boards were heavy. Something was born among the turmoil of Bud Lake's mind, and swiftly he went to work with jack-knife and several pieces of wood he found in the room. Half an hour later, he was done, the barrier propped up in the air on the inside of the window. Whoever crawled through first would release the trap, bringing it crashing down against his head.

The moon had wheeled up over the towering hills, bathing the village in silvery light. Bud Lake hesitated. Perhaps if he were lucky....

Resolutely he stepped out, exposing himself

in the space of the alley way. His body was rigid, waiting. Timing the movement of his body, he shifted from side to side pretending to peer up and down the wide dusty street. His rifle was ready —

The bullet struck, followed seconds later by the sharp report of the shot. Bud Lake caught the crushing impact in his shoulder. For a second his mind blanked out as he hit the dust and rolled over. It was a struggle to force himself to his feet. His rifle was gone —

Again a ringing shot and Bud Lake spurted groggily and stumbled into the darkness of the alley. He fought for control, pushed his body on. He reached the window. His mind was steadying somewhat, although a strange weakness flooded his body. Blood poured from his shoulder and his arm was numb, awakened occasionally by stabbing pain.

The barrier was closed. He had left it so. He stared over his shoulder, saw someone appear at the head of the alley; a fat-looking person, who skidded to a stop, flung his rifle up—

Bud Lake scrambled through the window, sliding in under the barrier. He whirled, gritting his teeth against the pain flooding his body. It took a last supreme effort to get the trap opened, the triggerboards in place. Then he stumbled back, pressing against the wall, his breathing fast and harsh in his lungs. Time ticked past. A board creaked somewhere.

Someone appeared at the window, crouched and vaulted up onto the sill.

A click, the spatter of boards and the crushing downfall of the barrier, crashing sharply against a human skull. A dim groan and the splatter of a body into the dust beyond the window.

Silence. Bud Lake moved out into the alley. The fat killer lay in a crumpled, grotesque heap in the dust. A ray of moonlight slid over the roof of the adjoining building, touched a blood-spattered head . . .

This was it, Bud Lake realized numbly. This was it. The killer who had murdered Pete Reynolds and grabbed his dust, and had left Bud Lake to face the music; the killer who had been crafty enough to time his crime so as to throw suspicion from himself to someone else. Crafty enough for that, but not crafty enough to save himself from being trapped here in the dim ruin of the old mining town.



# THE WAGES OF CRIME IS.... DEATH!



IT IS 1924 WHEN THE BEER BARONS RULED THE ROOST AND GANGLAND'S GUNS KEPT THE GRIM REAPER VERY BUSY-----

AT A SMALL FIGHT CLUB WHERE PUGS HAMMERED EACH OTHER FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF BORED FANS-----

HO-HUM, THINGS ARE GETTING DULL SINCE THE LAST GANG FIGHT. WELL, I THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND FIND ME A "CUSTOMER" FOR THIS DESIRABLE SPOT! MAYBE SOME YOUNG GUY I CAN HELP ALONG THE ROAD!

AH--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU, "GAT," COMIN' DOWN TO A JERNT LIKE DIS! DESE PUNKS CAN'T EVEN FIGHT!

LOOK, WILLY, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ON MY PAYROLL YOU'LL DO LIKE I SAY, SEE?

CHEE, DAT'S "GAT" CARSON-- DA BIGG-EST RACK-ETEER ON DA NORTH SIDE!



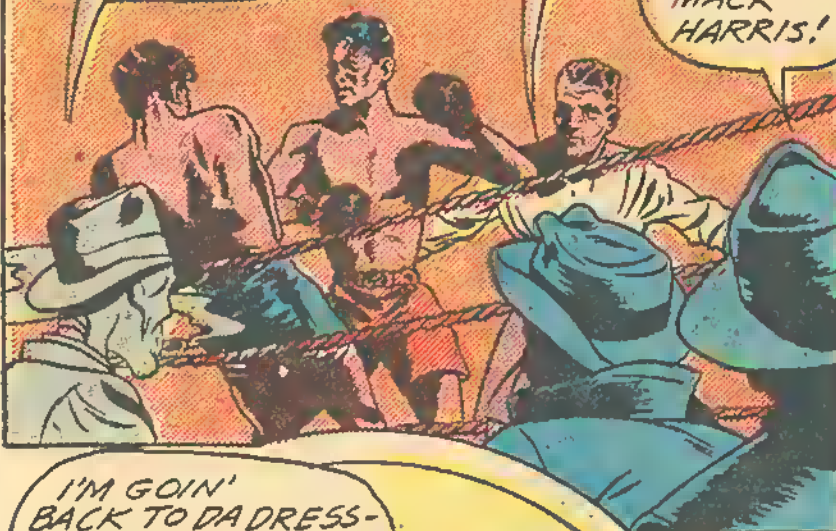


UNSEEN BY ANYONE, ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR WATCHES THE BOUTS---

THAT YOUNGSTER, MACK HARRIS, THERE, IN THE PURPLE TRUNKS-- HE'S A LIKELY LOOKING LAD-- I THINK HE'LL BE MY CUSTOMER!

I LIKE DA KID IN THE PURPLE TRUNKS. WHAT'S HIS NAME, WILLY?

HARRIS, BOSS, MACK HARRIS!



I'M GOIN' BACK TO DA DRESSING ROOMS. I THINK WE CAN USE THE HARRIS KID!

OKAY, BOSS!

I KNOW I CAN USE HIM!



INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM----

NICE FIGHT, HARRIS! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YEAH. SURE, YOU'RE 'GAT CARSON! WHAT DO YA WANT FROM ME?



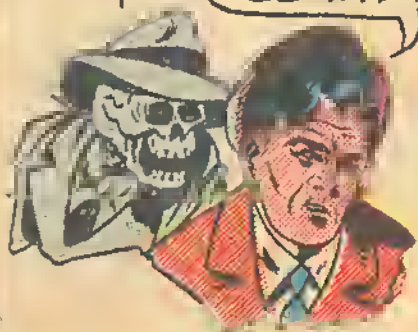
MAYBE I CAN HELP YA, KID! YOU'RE A TOUGH FIGHTER! NO SENSE OF YOU GETTIN' YOUR BRAINS BEAT OUT FOR PEANUTS! I CAN USE A GUY LIKE YOU-- HOW ABOUT IT?

GO ON, HARRIS-- DON'T BE A FOOL! THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE! SUPPOSE YOU GO ON FIGHTING UNTIL YOU'RE PUNCHY? THEN WHAT? GO ON-- TAKE THE JOB!

YEAH-- YEAH-- OKAY, MR. CARSON-- WHERE DO I SEE YA?

YOU BEAT DA PENTHOUSE ON 321 LAKE DRIVE TOMORRA NIGHT AT 8:30-- I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!

ME TOO! YOU'RE MY BOY FROM NOW ON! YES-- SIR-- THE RISE AND FALL OF MACK HARRIS-- FROM THE BOXING RING TO THE GRAVE IN SIX EASY LESSONS!





THE NEXT NIGHT---

UH--  
GAT  
ASKED  
ME TO  
COME  
UP--

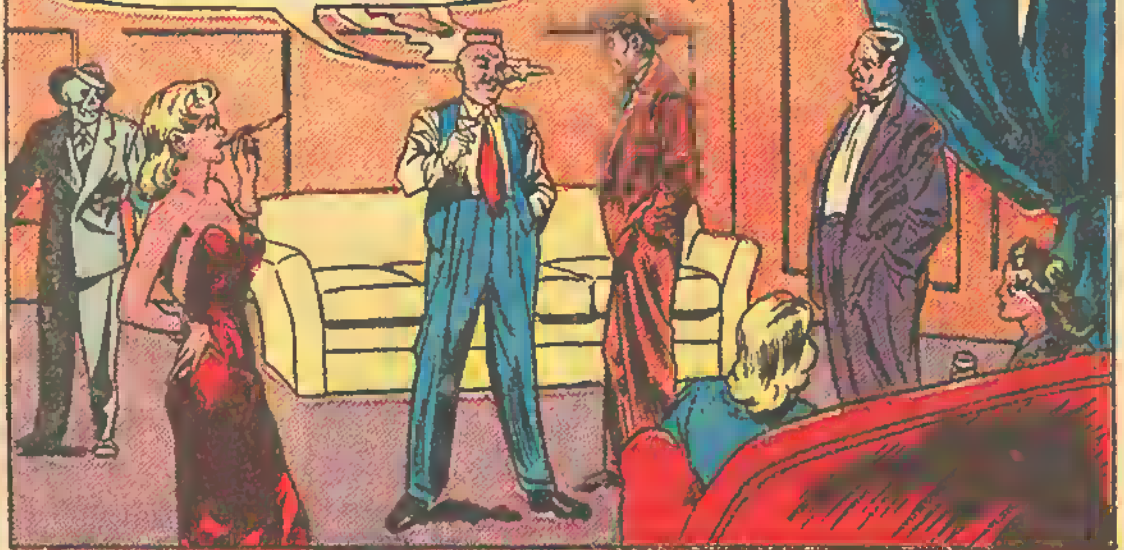
OH, YEAH--  
YOU MUST BE  
DA NEW GUY--  
YEAH, SURE--  
COME ON IN!  
GAT'S EXPECT-  
IN' YA!



HELLO, MACK--GANG--THIS IS MACK  
HARRIS-- A SCRAPPY FIGHTER--VERY  
HANDY WITH HIS DUKES--AND HE'S  
GOIN' TO BE ONE OF US!

HI,  
MACK!

HELLO!



LATER--

JUST WHAT  
IS IT YA WANT  
ME TO DO,  
GAT?

WELL, KID--YA SEE--DERE'S A  
FEW MUGS AROUND TOWN  
WHO DON'T WANT TO HANDLE  
OUR PRODUCTS! A COUPLA  
SPEAKEASIES! SOME NIGHT  
SPOTS! SO I FIGURE THAT AGUY LIKE  
YOU WHO'S SO HANDY WIT' HIS  
DUKES COULD--WELL--CONVINCE  
THEM TO DO BUSINESS WIT' ME--  
CATCH?



SOON, MACK HARRIS, FORMER PUG, GETS  
TO WORK ON HIS NEW JOB-----

GENTLE-  
MEN,  
YOUR  
PLEASURE?

WE WANT  
TO SEE  
AROUND--  
AND  
MAKE  
IT SNAPPY!

YEAH! MAKE IT  
SNAPPY! HOW'M I  
DOIN' AS A TOUGH  
GUY--NOT BAD--YOU  
TELL 'EM, HARRIS--  
BUT MAKE IT FAST  
BECAUSE YOUR  
TIME IS RUNNING  
OUT!



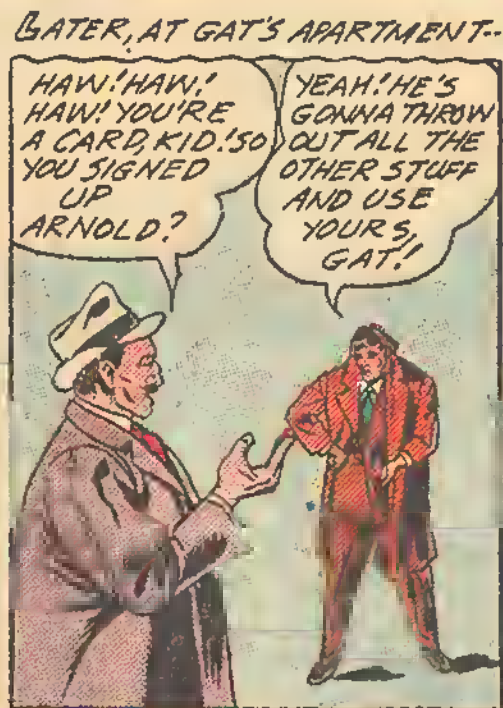
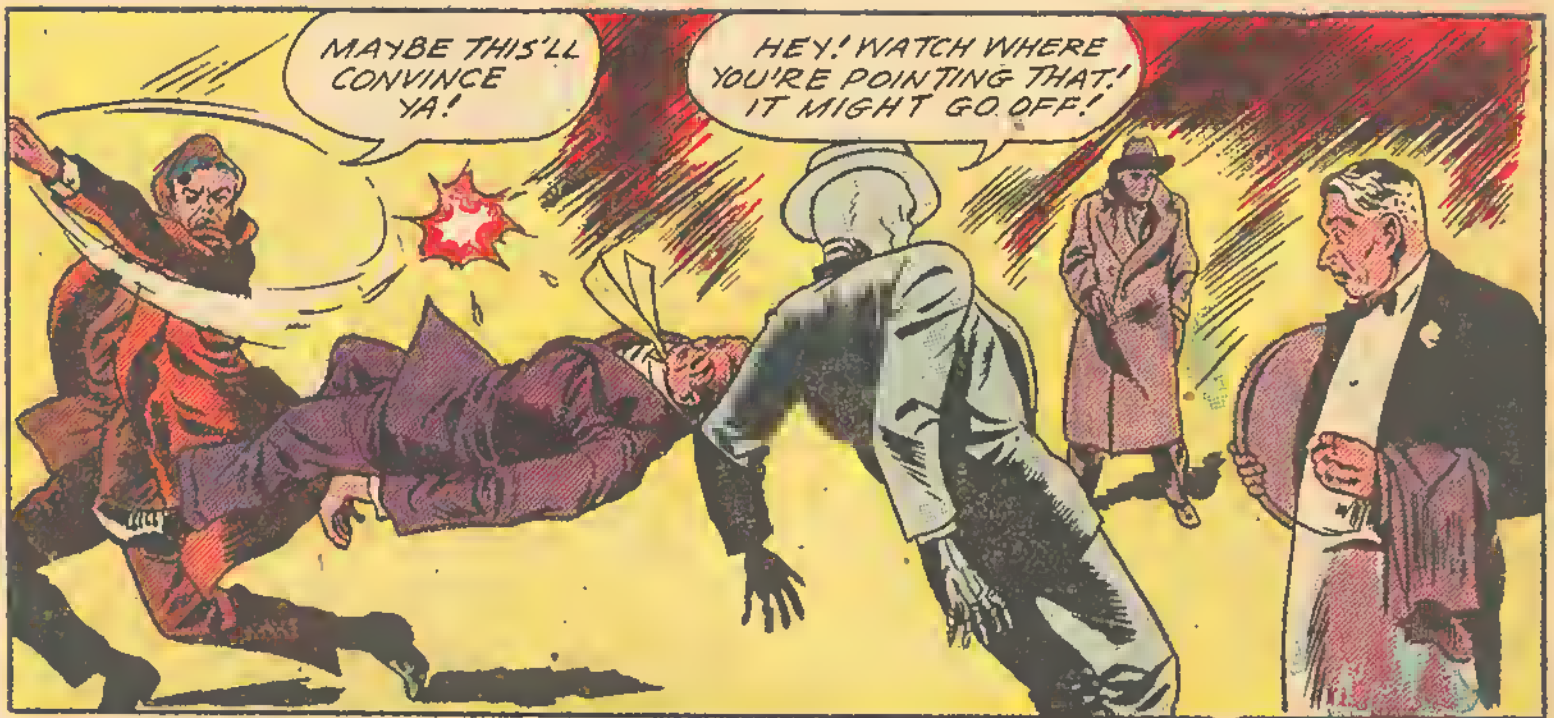
WE'RE FROM CARSON! HE WANTS TO KNOW  
WHY YA DON'T BUY OUR GOODS! HE FIGURES  
MAYBE AFTER WE TALK TO YA--  
MAYBE YOU'LL CO-  
OPERATE!

LISTEN, YOU  
PUNKS--I  
WOULDN'T HANDLE  
THAT POISON CARSON  
'SELLS! YOU DON'T  
SCARE ME AT  
ALL!

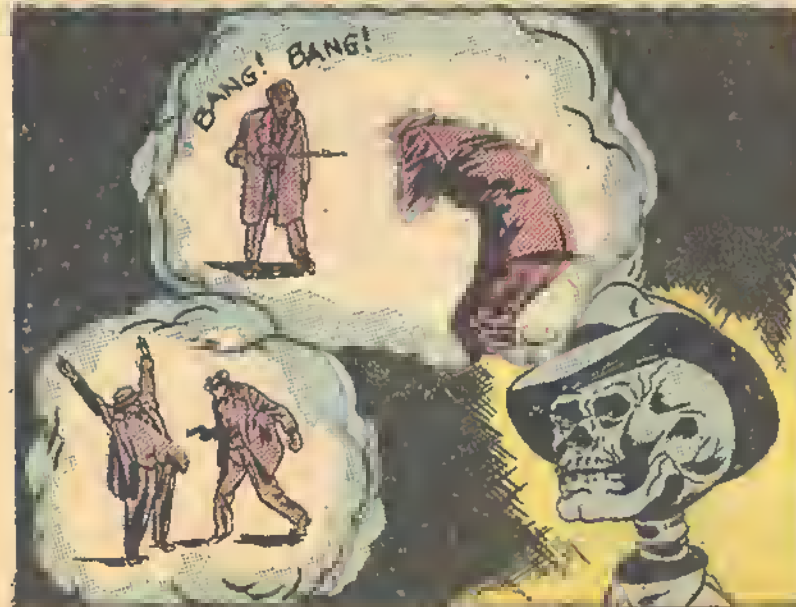
OH-- THEN  
I'LL HAVE TO USE  
OUR NEW SALES  
PROMOTION PLAN  
ON YA!







YES, IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR MACK HARRIS. MACK'S NAME AND FAME SPREADS RAPIDLY-- HE RISES RAPIDLY IN THE RANKS OF ORGANIZED CRIME-- AND ALWAYS AT HIS SIDE IS THE IMPLACABLE FIGURE OF HIS MENTOR-- DEATH!





DEATH IS QUITE BUSY MAKING CERTAIN PREPARATIONS---

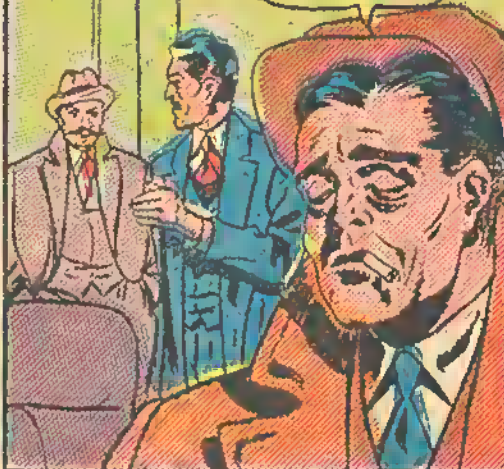
HMMM--NOT BAD--BUT I'VE HAD PLENTY OF PRACTICE! NOW TO GET BACK TO MY BOY, I'M SURE HE'LL BE SATISFIED WITH THIS JOB! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THAT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE IT. WHEN HE GETS HERE!



MEANWHILE, GAT IS PLANNING A REALLY BIG JOB----

EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR THE WAREHOUSE DEAL! YOU BOYS GET THERE AT 10--RUSH THE JOINT--GRAB THE SILK AND TAKE OFF! I'LL HAVE A TRUCK WAITING TO PICK IT UP! OKAY?

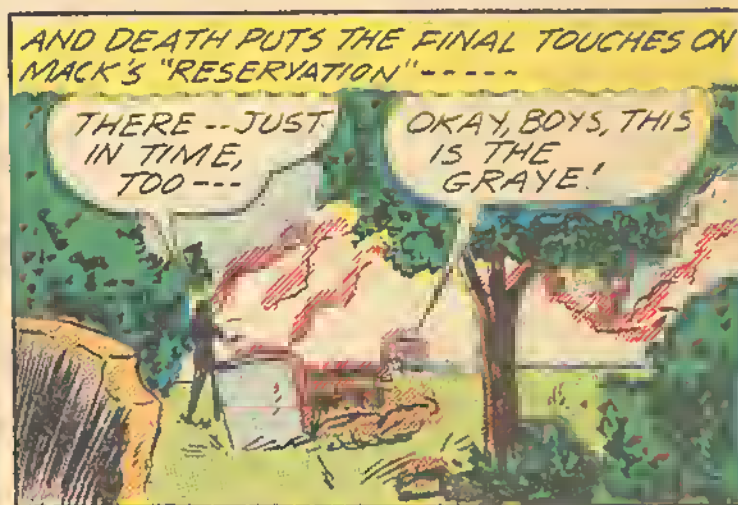
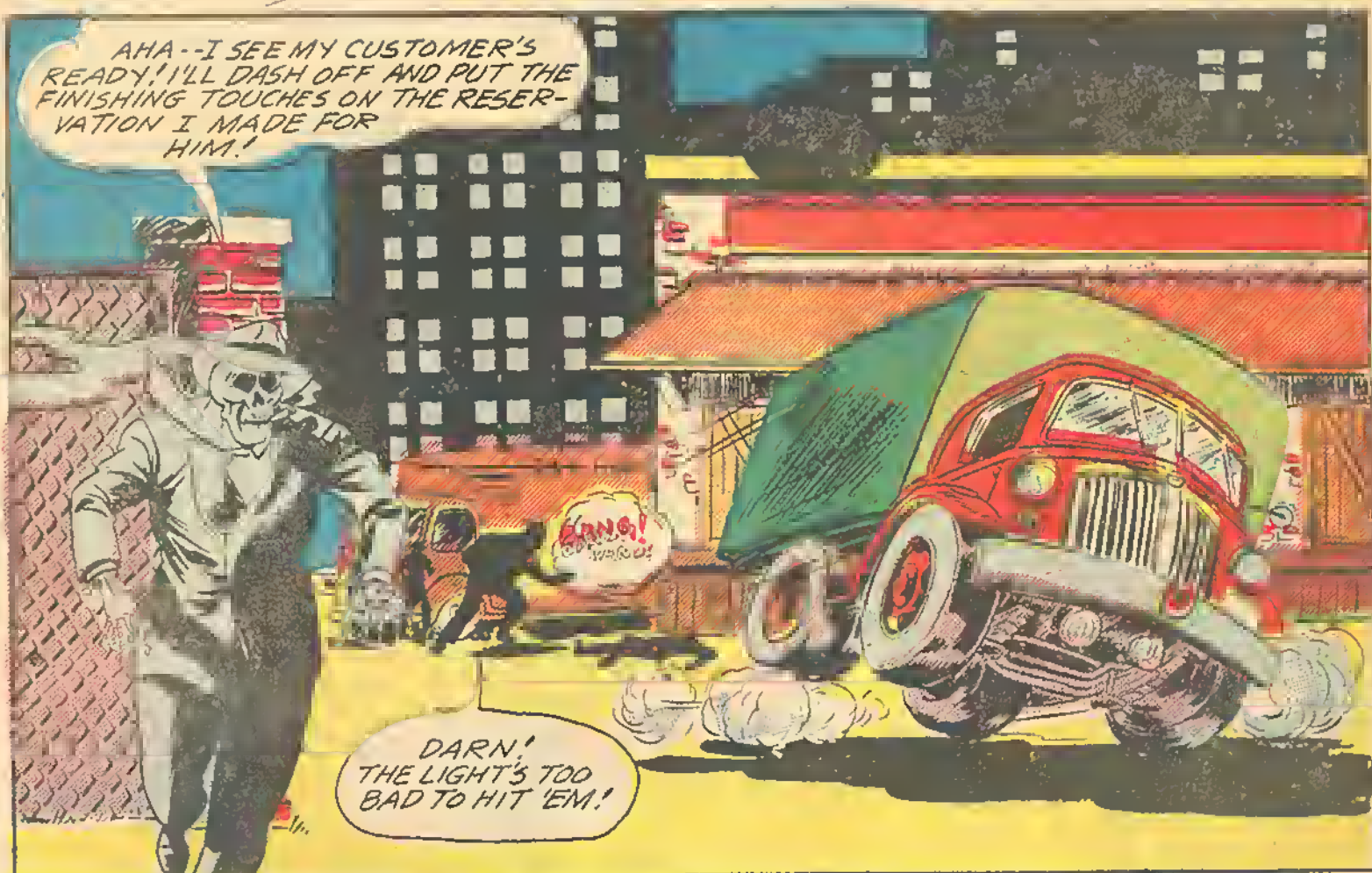
AND IF THE WATCHMAN GETS TOUGH-- WE'LL LET HIM HAVE IT! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! MY TRIGGER FINGER IS ITCHIN'!



THE WAREHOUSE ----









# STEPPING STONES TO TERROR

THERE THEY ARE, FRANKIE, RIGHT WHERE YOUR PALS SAID THEY'D BE!

EDDIE WOULD NEVER LET ME DOWN! NOW TO BLAST OUR WAY TO THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!

*THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS! SO GOES THE FAMILIAR EXPRESSION. IT MIGHT ALSO BE SAID THAT THE ROAD OF CRIME IS PAVED WITH TERROR. TERROR FOR THE VICTIMS, BUT EVEN MORE FOR THE CRIMINAL WHO ALWAYS MUST WALK IN THE SHADOWS OF FEAR.*



NINE MORE DAYS TO GO! THEN I'M LEAVING THIS PRISON... LEAVING IT FOR GOOD!



WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR MY STORY... OKAY, IT ALL BEGAN NINE YEARS AGO! I WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD!..

JOHNNY, CAN WE GO DANCING AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT?

GOSH, SALLY, I'M BROKE! I DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH MONEY!



WHEN I TOOK HER HOME SHE WAS AS COLD AS THE NORTHPOLE IN JANUARY....

MAYBE TOMORROW NIGHT WE CAN TAKE A WALK! WE CAN GO TO THE PARK!

YOU TAKE THE WALK, CHEAPSKATE. I'M FINDING A GUY WHO CAN TREAT ME RIGHT! GOOD NIGHT!





I WAS PRETTY BROKEN UP ABOUT SALLY! I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO GET MONEY! THE TIME I WAS PAID I DROPPED IN ON A NEIGHBORHOOD DICE GAME!...



THERE WAS A LOT OF MONEY IN THAT GAME AND FOR ME THE DICE WERE RED HOT.....



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, MY DREAMS OF RICHES WERE SMASHED!...





THE NEXT EVENING I APPROACHED A MAN IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD WHO HAD DONE TIME UP HERE! HE WAS INTERESTED!



AND A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER WE PUT MY PROGRAM INTO ACTION!

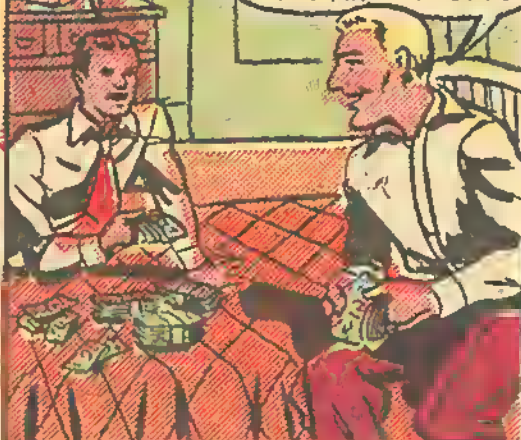
PUT 'EM UP EVERYBODY! WE WIN EVERYTHING!

AND NOBODY MOVE! THESE ROPES AIN'T PEA SHOOTERS!



THAT WAS OUR FIRST ONE AND A GOOD HAUL!

OVER SIX-HUNDRED BUCKAROOS! MUST BE TEN GAMES RUNNING EVERY NIGHT THAT WE CAN KNOCK OFF!



SO IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED WE RAIDED GAME AFTER GAME!



SALLY LIKED MY NEW PROSPERITY! THEN SUDDENLY....

THAT NEW JOB OF YOURS MUST SURE BE SWELL, JOHNNY! I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU!

FROM NOW ON, BABY, WE WRITE OUR OWN TICKET!



DA. WAGES WAR ON GAMBLING



WE WERE OUT OF BUSINESS BUT I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO GIVE UP MY NEW LIFE!...

WHAT LOUSY LUCK! NOT A GAME IN TOWN!

DICE GAMES AREN'T THE ONLY PLACES WITH MONEY...IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



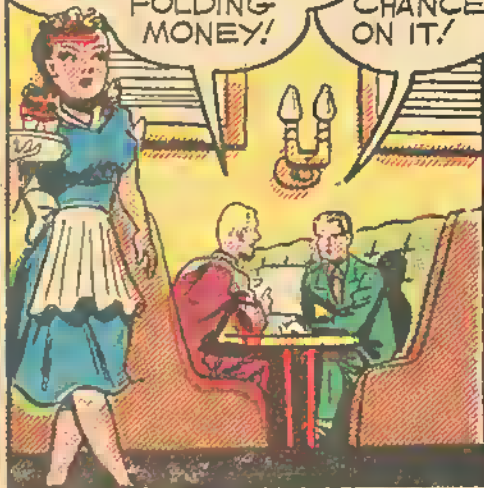


I COULDN'T GIVE SALLY UP!  
I WAS DESPERATE! I DIDN'T  
OFFER MUCH PROTEST TO  
FRANKIE'S SUGGESTION!

THE JOB WAS TO  
BE A GASOLINE  
COMPANY BULK  
PLANT!

THIS IS A SET-UP  
AND GOOD FOR  
TEN GRAND! THAT'S  
FOLDING  
MONEY!

IF YOU'RE  
SURE, I'LL  
TAKE A  
CHANCE  
ON IT!



GET 'EM UP  
AN' NOBODY'LL  
GET HURT!

..AN BE  
QUICK  
ABOUT IT!



WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW  
WAS THAT THE MANAGER  
HAD BEEN GIVING ORDERS  
OVER THE INTER OFFICE  
COMMUNICATION TO THE  
WAREHOUSE!..

NOTIFY THE  
POLICE,  
OPERATOR.  
...THERE'S  
A HOLD-UP  
GOING ON  
HERE!

WE WANT  
EVERY PENNY  
OF IT!

YOU'LL  
GET IT...  
DON'T POINT  
THAT GUN AT ME!



NOTHING WILL! THEY  
HAVE ORDERS NOT TO  
RESIST HOLD-UP MEN..  
THEY'RE INSURED!

I HOPE  
NOTHING  
GOES WRONG!



AS WE WALKED OUT A FEW MINUTES  
LATER A DOZEN GUNS WERE POINTED  
AT US!

DROP THOSE  
GUNS, PUNKS!

DROP 'EM  
OR WE  
SHOOT!!

DON'T..  
DON'T..  
SHOOT!

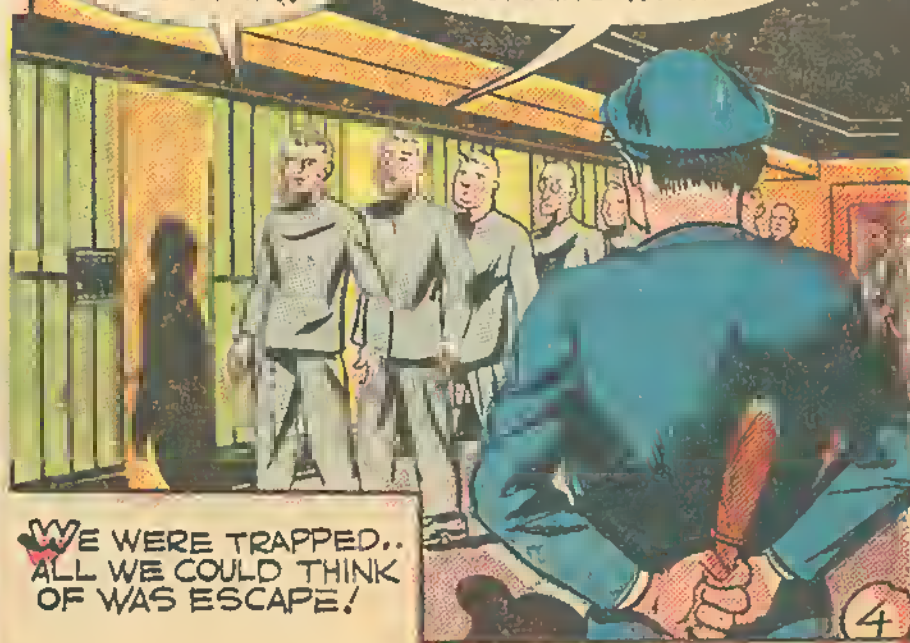


WE HAD A QUICK TRIAL AND I WAS  
SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS!  
FRANKIE DREW TWENTY-FIVE, BECAUSE  
OF HIS RECORD!..



WE GOTTA FIND A  
WAY... WE JUST  
GOTTA!

WE WILL KID, I'VE GOT A  
LINE TO THE OUTSIDE  
WORKING NOW!



WE WERE TRAPPED..  
ALL WE COULD THINK  
OF WAS ESCAPE!



**B**UT SEVERAL YEARS PASSED BEFORE WE HAD OUR CHANCE! WE HAD BOTH BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE ROAD GANG!



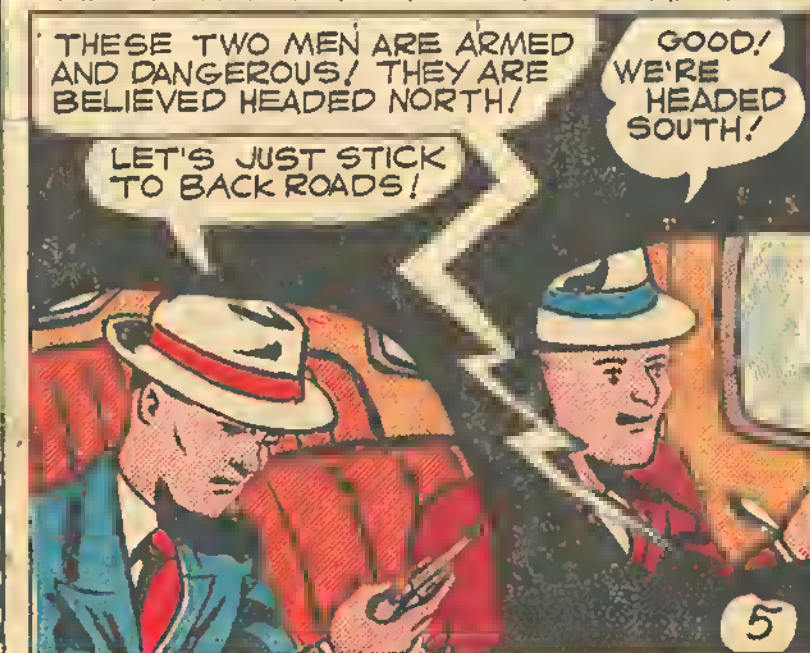
**F**RANKIE CONTACTED THE OUTSIDE AGAIN! THEN ONE DAY...



**F**RANKIE HAD HANDLED THE OTHER GUARDS!



**I**T WAS AN HOUR BEFORE WE PICKED UP THE FIRST RADIO REPORT OF THE ESCAPE!





**W**E HID OUT IN A TOURIST CAMP EDDIE HAD ARRANGED FOR US! I CALLED SALLY... I JUST HAD TO TALK TO HER...

I KNEW YOU'D WAIT, BABY... I CAN'T TELL YOU WHERE I AM... I'M A HUNDRED MILES AWAY, THAT'S FOR SURE! AS SOON AS THE HEAT IS OFF I'LL GET IN TOUCH AGAIN!

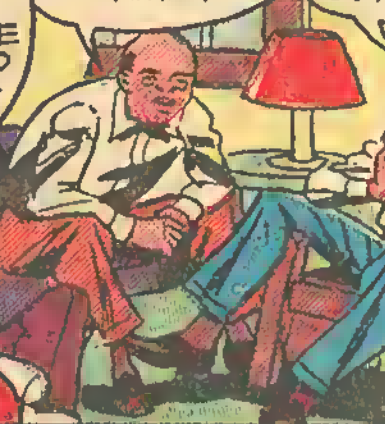


OH JOHNNY I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU... OF COURSE I'VE WAITED. I'D WAIT A LIFE-TIME FOR YOU!



**I** FELT PRETTY GOOD ABOUT SALLY... BUT I WASN'T SO HAPPY TO MEET EDDIE!

I'VE GOT A NEAT HEIST PLANNED FOR YOU BOYS, YOU CAN REPAY ME FOR HELPING YOU... ALL AT ONE TIME!



NO DICE! WE'RE AS HOT AS FIRECRACKERS! THERE'S A BIG REWARD OUT FOR US!!



LIST'EN, YOU PUNKS! I GOT YOU OUT AN' I CAN PUT YOU BACK.. YOU'LL PLAY MY GAME FOR A WHILE!



**S**UDDENLY I SAW RED...



WHY YOU...!!

CUT IT JOHNNY, ARE YOU CRAZY!



CRASH!!

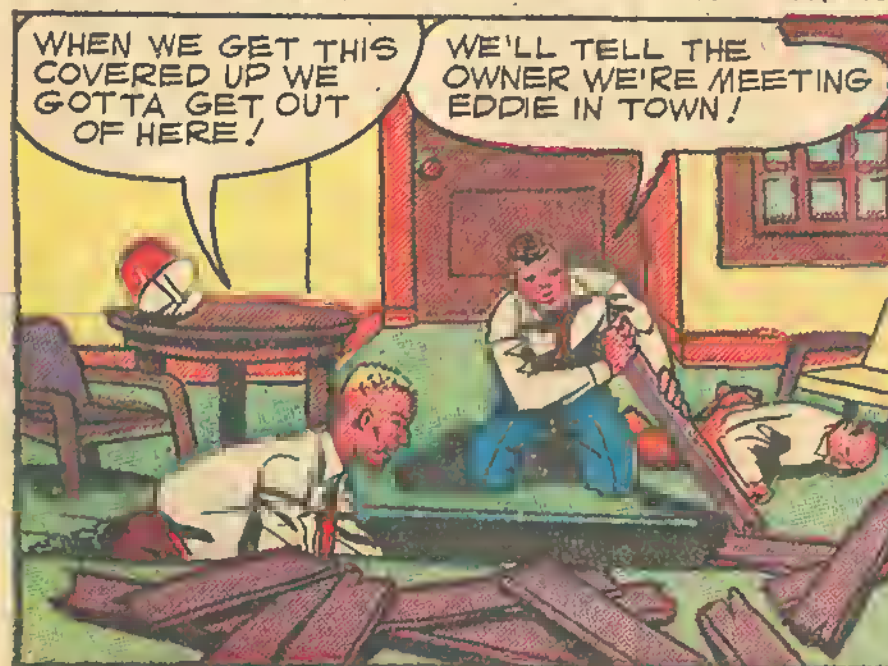
HE'S DEAD.. YOU FINISHED HIM... NOW WE ARE IN TROUBLE!



I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM SO HARD... WHAT'LL WE DO?



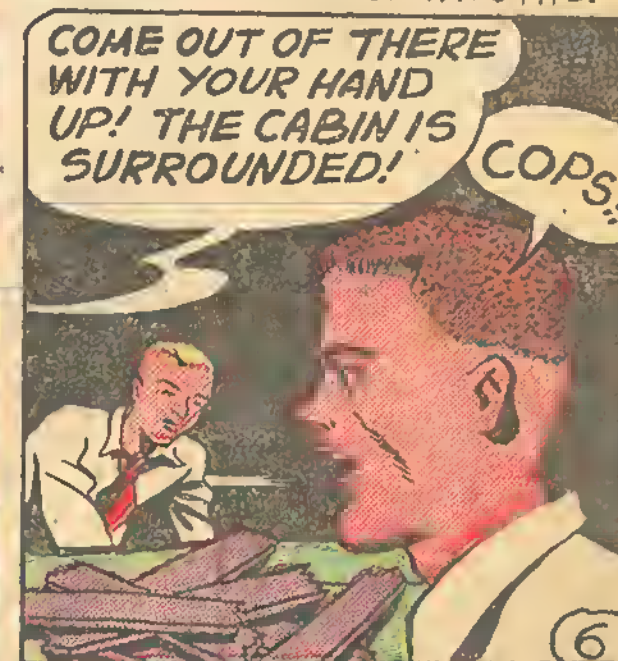
**W**E TORE UP PART OF THE FLOOR OF THE CABIN AND BEGAN TO DIG A SHALLOW GRAVE..



WHEN WE GET THIS COVERED UP WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

WE'LL TELL THE OWNER WE'RE MEETING EDDIE IN TOWN!

**A**T THAT SECOND OUR HEARTS JUMPED INTO OUR MOUTHS!



COME OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HAND UP! THE CABIN IS SURROUNDED!

COPS!!



**A** SHAFT OF TERROR STABBED INTO MY HEART!!!

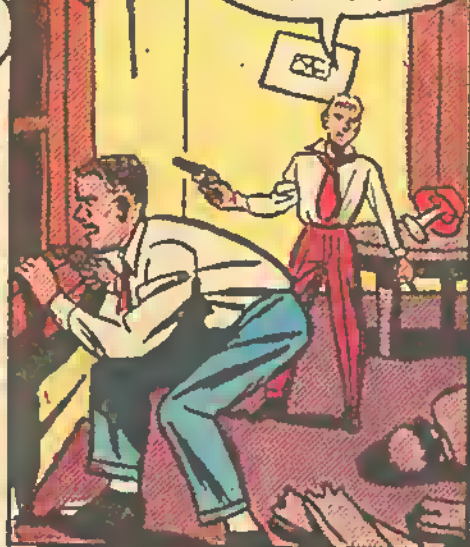
WE'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS.. THEN WE START SHOOTING!

YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE... WE HAVE RIOT GUNS AND TEAR GAS!



IT'S NO GOOD! WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP!

AND BE CAUGHT WITH THAT? WE'VE GOT TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!



COME AND GET US COPPERS!

START FIRING!



THE NEXT INSTANT A DOZEN GUNS ROARED AT ONCE! THEN WE CAUGHT THE BURNING SMELL OF TEAR GAS!

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT SURRENDER!...

THAT'S A PRETTY PICTURE IN THERE!

HOW DID YOU SPOT US HERE?



I CAN'T BREATHE! THAT'S TEAR GAS!

I CAN'T SEE! WE'RE THROUGH!



YOUR GIRLFRIEND WANTED THE REWARD, BROTHER!

SALLY!! BUT HOW COULD SHE... I DID NOT TELL HER WHERE WE WERE!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO... THERE'S A RECORD MADE OF EVERY LONG DISTANCE CALL, PUNK!!



THAT WAS AN ETERNITY AGO... NOW I'VE ONLY NINE MORE DAYS LEFT IN THIS HOLE!



I'M WALKING THROUGH THAT DOOR DOWN THERE... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF IT IS THE **ELECTRIC CHAIR!**





# AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING BUY U. S. BONDS

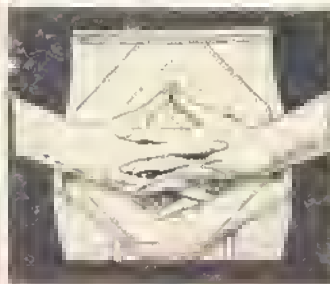


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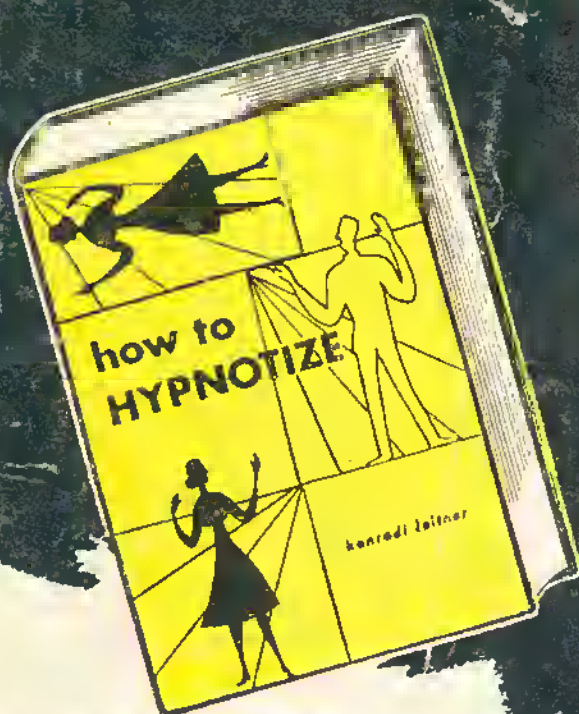
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